Characters

- ALICE ALEXANDER, Narrator, a writer and college teacher
- SUZANNE ALEXANDER, Her sister-in-law, a writer
- DAVID ALEXANDER, A writer and college teacher, Suzanne's husband
- DR˙ FREUDENBERGER, An English doctor
- THE DRAMATIC CIRCLE, Dr˙ Freudenberger's patients
- THE AMBASSADOR

Act

ALICE ALEXANDER

London, 1961. We were staying in Old Brompton Road waiting for David to come from Ghana.

(Sound of clock striking.)

Suzanne had been delirious the night before, sleepwalking, speaking lines from the historical letters of Napoleon and Josephine. Her breathlessness had become worse.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

"I can only write you a word at five o'clock in the morning. I have beaten the Russians and taken two cannons and their baggage train and six thousand prisoners. It was raining and we were in mud up to our knees ... I was worried, the road ..."

(Sound of footsteps under.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

In the past my brother had written me when he had been traveling with Frantz Fanon, the famous psychiatrist and revolutionary from Martinique. He'd written about the psychiatric cases they had encountered in Algeria. I realized now some of the symptoms of Fanon's patients were like Suzanne's symptoms. She had always missed David when he traveled to do research.

His first trip to Russia had been the summer she found a worn paperback of Napoleon's letters when he was away in battle. I had never seen her as sad as she was that summer that David traveled to Russia and then to France to meet Fanon. David and Suzanne had always traveled together, but now his research on Fanon, the trips the research required, were trips he forbade her to take. He said there was danger surrounding Fanon.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

"I would like as much to see you, to live quietly, I could do other things but fight, but duty comes before all else. All my life I have sacrificed everything, tranquillity, my own desire, my happiness, my destiny."

(Sigh.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

Often he sent me notes on Fanon's observations, some on Goa.

DAVID ALEXANDER

Even the sky is constantly changing. Some days ago we saw a sunset that turned the robe of heaven a bright violet. Today it is a very hard red that the eye encounters. At Tessalit we cross the French military camps. We must work fast, time passes, the enemy is still stubborn, he does not believe in military defeat but I have never felt victory so possible, so within reach. We only need to march and charge. We have mobilized furious cohorts, loving combat, eager to work. We have Africa with us.

(Music.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

I decided Suzanne had to see a doctor. I found out from a chemist near the South Kensington underground station that National Health was right down the road from us. There were several doctors there. The chemist said, "Dr. Freudenberger is the one I recommend. I think you would find him most sympathetic. I believe he actually went to school in America for a while. He's very insightful. I'm sure he could help your sister-in-law."

(Rain falling.)

We went the next afternoon. It was raining heavily. Suzanne's breathlessness was worse. We sat in the outer office. Then Suzanne was called.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Mrs˙ Alexander? Mrs˙ Alexander, yes. Would you--would you just--would you just come in for a moment?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Freudenberger came to the doorway, he was a darkhaired man, very tall, dressed in a suit. He smiled. Suzanne went inside.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Mrs˙ Alexander. Mrs˙ Alexander, I've examined you and can find no reason in your heart or blood for your breathlessness. I recommend rest, especially since you're expecting a child. Have you been in London long? It says on this form that you're American.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I am from Washington, D˙C˙, but my husband and I have been living in West Africa for the last two years.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

And why are you in London?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

We are waiting for David. He is a writer and professor. He's still traveling. For many months he's been doing research, trying to find the source of Frantz Fanon's illness.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Oh yes, I know his book, *Black Skin, White Masks*.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Yes.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Are you friends of Fanon's?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

David has traveled with him in Blida. He's writing Fanon's biography. Fanon is in Washington, very ill.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

You came here ahead of your husband?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Yes, the doctor in Accra insisted I start my journey home if I want to have the baby in Washington. My sister-in-law is with me.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Oh, she came to join you?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Yes.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

I see here that you're living in Old Brompton Road.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

We live on the top floor at Number Nine, in rooms with a green marble fireplace. It overlooks Bolton Gardens. We have not heard from my husband in two weeks.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

You are worried.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Every day we go to the American Embassy for word.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

That's the cause of your breathlessness.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

He was to have arrived last week. We called Accra. They say the last they heard was that he went up country.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Here, Mrs˙ Alexander, take this drink it'll help. It's just valerian.

(African music.)

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

You see, in Blida with Fanon, David saw soldiers who were prisoners. Their disorders took various forms, states of agitation, rages, lamentations. I'm afraid David will be imprisoned. He has enemies. He insists West Africa has not yet achieved independence.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

You work together?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

We write poems and essays, and we've been teaching at the University of Legon in Ghana. I want you to meet my sister-in-law, Alice. Alice! Alice!

ALICE ALEXANDER

Suzanne called me into the office.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Dr˙ Freudenberger, this is David's sister, Alice Alexander.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Hello.

ALICE ALEXANDER

How do you do?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

She came from Washington to be with me.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Mrs˙ Alexander, I'd like to talk to your sister-in-law alone for a moment.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I'll wait outside.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Good, good ... I'm worried about Mrs˙ Alexander's health.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Yes, yes. I am very worried too. We're a close family. I forced her to come to you because she seemed almost delirious last night. When I awoke she was sleepwalking. Since we've been in London she has inexplicable dreams of historical characters and speaks as the characters in her sleepwalking. I have written down what she said last night for you to read.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Oh, thank you.

ALICE ALEXANDER

This is how she began as she walked down the hallway. "When I returned from Martinique to France at the close of 1790 ..."

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

(overlapping)

"When I returned from Martinique to France at the close of 1790, I leaped from one revolution in the new world only to encounter it in the old. A November journey across the French countryside to Paris brought me to a capital where violence and terror soon were to dominate the scene. A Paris mob burst into the Bastille with the bloody head of a governor. The next night Napoleon's secret plans for a French attack on Egypt were completed. The campaign would undercut British sea power. I was to accompany my husband as far as Toulon and later join him in Egypt. My husband's fleet of ships of war was spectacular."

(Breathlessness. Sound of ocean.)

DR. FREUDENBERGER

And she does this nightly?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Almost each night since we've not been able to reach David. The characters are in different stages but the themes of separation, violence, and love are always present.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

She is greatly distressed. Are you able to stay with her until Professor Alexander arrives?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Yes. We were to meet here and return to Washington together.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

This sleepwalking and her troubled nerves are not good for her baby. Let me get her. Mrs˙ Alexander? Mrs˙ Alexander.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Oh, yes.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Your sister-in-law and I have had a good talk. I was thinking, since you're both here waiting for Professor Alexander, perhaps you'd welcome a little diversion. I'd like to invite you both to my home. My wife and I have a dramatic circle. We're currently reading Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Readings will distract you both while you're waiting for Professor Alexander. Suzanne, you could read the role of Lucy, and Alice, you might read Mina. My house is in the Little Boltons.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Very well. Thank you, we are lonely. We know no one here. We're to see a West African writer, but he's in Paris. We will be happy to come to your dramatic circle.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Lovely. Please come this evening, you're nearby. My wife, Heike, is a translator. She makes tea. We have sherry.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Thank you.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Thank you. Good-bye, Dr˙ Freudenberger.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Good-bye, Dr˙ Freudenberger.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Oh no, please, please. I'm Sebastian.

(Overlapping good-byes.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

As we left I heard Dr˙ Freudenberger reading the paper I'd given him.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"My life was transformed. Violence flared savagely when mobs appeared and the courtyards of the Tuileries ran with the blood of Swiss Guards. Danger struck everywhere."

(Music--Wagner chorus. DRAMATIC CIRCLE *greetings.)*

ALICE ALEXANDER

We arrived at eight for the reading of *Dracula*. Dr˙ Freudenberger's parlor was small and dark with water-stained gold-and-white wallpaper. His tall wife, Heike, poured tea. Dr˙ Freudenberger sat behind a large desk, we read from crimson books. He had

a giant handwritten script. We later discovered that all the participants were his patients. We read sitting in a circle.

(Music and voices in background.)

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Ladies and gentlemen, please, everyone. We have two new actors tonight. They're both from America. I've invited them here to join us while they're here in England. In fact, both are writers themselves. Mrs˙ Alexander, Suzanne, writes essays and plays and Miss Alexander, Alice, writes poetry. So, let us begin.

Dracula, Chapter 15, Dr˙ Stewart's diary continued: "For a while sheer anger mastered me, it was as if he had, during her life, struck Lucy on the face. I smote the table hard and rose up as I said to him, 'Dr. Helsing, are you mad?' He raised his head and looked at me. And somehow the tenderness of his face calmed me at once. 'Would that I were. My madness were easy to bear compared with truth like this. Oh, my friend, why think you did I go so far round? Why take so long to tell you so simple a thing? Was it because I hate you and have hated you all my life? Was it because I wished to give you pain? Was it that I wanted now so late revenge for that time when you saved my life and from a fearful death?'"

WOMAN

(Reading.)

"'Oh, no. Forgive me,' said I. He went on."

WOMAN

(Reading.)

"We found the child awake."

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"It had had a sleep and taken some food and altogether was going on well. Dr˙ Vincent took the bandage from its throat and showed us the punctures. There was no mistaking the similarity to those which had been on Lucy's throat. They were smaller and the edges looked fresher, that was all. We asked Vincent to what he attributed them and he replied that it must have been a bite of some animal, perhaps a rat, but for his own part he was inclined to think that it was one of the bats which are so numerous on the northern heights of London. 'Out of so many harmless ones,' he said, 'there may be some wild specimen from the south of a more malignant species. Some sailor may have brought one home and it managed to escape or even from the zoological gardens a young one may have got loose, or one he bred there from a vampire. These things do occur, you know. Only ten days ago a wolf got out, and was, I believe, traced up in this direction. For a week after the children were playing nothing but Red Ridinghood on the heath. And in every alley on the place until this bloofer lady scare came along. Since then it has been quite a gala time with them. Even this poor little mite when he woke up today asked the nurse if he might go away.'"

(Music, voices.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

After reading *Dracula* we had tea and sherry and listened to music. Dr˙ Freudenberger pulled his chair next to the divan.

(Piano music, Chopin.)

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Tell me about your teaching in Ghana.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Oh, we teach Césaire, the plays of Wole Soyinka, Chinua Achebe, and Richard Wright and many other writers.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

And do you write plays?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

My most recent play is *She Talks to Beethoven*, a play set in Ghana about a time two years ago when David disappeared.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

He has disappeared before?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

There were threats against his life and he disappeared to protect me from danger.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

He must love you a great deal.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

We went to school together as children. We won the state reading contest together.

ALICE ALEXANDER

After tea we read *Dracula* again. Then we started to say good night. Sebastian was once more at Suzanne's side.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

How do you spend your days in London?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Well, we walk all over, in Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, along Charing Cross Road. After we leave American Express we take tours of Trafalgar Square. Yesterday we went to Windsor in the rain.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Victoria grieved for Albert there.

ALICE ALEXANDER

In the evenings we return on the tour bus to Old Brompton Road and sit by the gas fire and write David.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Where is he? Where's my husband?

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Suzanne, you must rest. I'll walk you both home, you're just along the road. Perhaps I can help you. I know someone at the American Embassy, I'll ring there tomorrow. Also, another patient's daughter has lived in Ghana for years. I'll talk to her, but, Suzanne, you must not think of returning to Ghana. It might kill the baby. I forbid it.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I understand.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

I'll go with you to talk to the American ambassador tomorrow.

(Music.)

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

(absently.)

In our garden in Legon, David read me the love poems of Léopold Senghor, then he'd tell me of the incidents in Fanon's life that he'd written about that day. His notebooks

covered Fanon's entire life but always it was Blida that haunted him. He told me, "In Blida with Fanon, I saw soldiers ..."

(African music.)

DAVID ALEXANDER

(His voice is heard.)

Generally speaking they had a noise phobia and a thirst for peace and affection. Their disorders took various forms, as states of agitated rages, immobility, and many attempted suicides, tears, lamentations, and appeals for mercy.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

... appeals for mercy.

(Breathlessness.)

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Suzanne. I'll help you up the stairs. Here, let me carry you.

(Steps.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

Here. Here's her room. Thank you, Doctor.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Not at all.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Good night.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Good night.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Suzanne, are you all right?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Yes ... Alice?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Yes.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I feel like I've seen Sebastian somewhere before.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Where?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I don't know.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Before she let me leave her she began to relive those hours two years ago when she sat in the cottage in Legon and listened to the radio all day for word of David.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I can't forget.

ALICE ALEXANDER

As I walked down the hall to my room I heard her.

(African music.)

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

"Has David Alexander been murdered?"

VOICE ON RADIO

(partly unintelligible)

... again, David Alexander is still missing.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Still missing.

(Music.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

I too was agitated but finally fell asleep. But just after midnight Suzanne awakened me and stood over me.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I want you to come with me and look down into the garden.

ALICE ALEXANDER

What do you see?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

It's shadowy but I think it's him.

ALICE ALEXANDER

What?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Over there in the corner of the garden, underneath the plane tree.

ALICE ALEXANDER

I can't see anything.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

A figure sitting on a bench. I think it's Dr˙ Freudenberger.

ALICE ALEXANDER

I see nothing but a shadow.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

No, it's Dr˙ Freudenberger, but his hair is white.

ALICE ALEXANDER

I see a shadow.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

I see him.

ALICE ALEXANDER

I see only the shadow of the hedge. You've got to rest. I'll make you some chamomile tea. Please, rest. I'm worried about you and the baby.

(Clock striking.)

I had seen a figure and it had looked like Dr˙ Freudenberger and his hair had been white. I wanted to think about it and I didn't want Suzanne further upset. Why would Sebastian be in our garden? What was the cause of his changed appearance? Suzanne's mind was not at rest. In the morning she was still agitated and it was raining heavily.

(Sound of rain.)

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

"I cannot pass a day without loving you. I cannot even dream ..."

ALICE ALEXANDER

I was awakened by the sound of Suzanne's voice reading aloud. She hadn't walked in her sleep that night but now was awake, reading a love letter Napoleon had written Josephine. Reading it and rereading these historical letters seemed to give her strength at a time when ... there were no letters from David.

SUZANNE AND DAVID ALEXANDER

(Together)

"Every moment takes me further from you and at every moment I find it harder to bear the separation. You are the ceaseless object of my thoughts. My imagination exhausts itself in wondering what you are doing. If I think of you as sad my heart is torn and my misery increases. Write to me and write at length. Accept a thousand kisses of my love, as tender as they are true. I cannot pass a day without loving you. I cannot even drink a cup of tea without cursing the Army which keeps me apart from the soul of my existence. If I leave you with the speed of the torrential waters of the Rhône, it is only that I may return to you sooner."

ALICE ALEXANDER

I waited a moment before I went to her doorway.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

How did you sleep?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Well. And you?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Well, but I'm concerned about what Sebastian was doing in the garden last night. His hair appeared white.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Now I'm convinced that was not Sebastian but a passerby. It would make no sense. Dr˙ Freudenberger is a charming friend trying to help us. We're both overwrought. I'm convinced it was someone who resembled him.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Perhaps this morning the ambassador will have word of David.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Suzanne was anxious that morning and on the bus to American Express I could not stop her from talking repeatedly about the time David had disappeared in Ghana and how she had news only from her radio.

VOICE ON RADIO

Mr˙ Alexander is still missing. He traveled with Fanon to Blida. His wife is recovering from an unspecified illness. Alexander was by her side in hospital when he suddenly vanished two nights ago.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Vanished.

ALICE ALEXANDER

She relived those moments. I worried about her. The writer we were to meet lived in Chalcot Square. We went to see him, but his wife said he was in Paris. We read that Sylvia Plath lived nearby. One night we saw *Billy Liar* at a theater on Shaftesbury Avenue.

(Music. Voices.)

The next night Dr˙ Freudenberger sat behind his desk as we read. His nervous German wife, Heike, sat aside studying Steppenwolf.

(DRAMATIC CIRCLE voices. Music.)

Dr˙ Freudenberger hadn't been able to come to the embassy that day. Neither Suzanne nor I mentioned the figure in the garden. Sebastian read the part of Van Helsing.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"Is it possible that love is all subjective or all objective?"

(Voices reading together.)

"She yet no life taken ..."

*(*DR. FREUDENBERGER *alone.)*

"Though that is of time and to act now would be to take danger from her forever, but then we may have to warn Arthur, and how should we tell him of this? If you who saw the wounds on Lucy's throat and saw the wounds so similar on the child in the hospital. If you who saw the coffin empty last night and full today with a woman who has not changed only to be more rose and more beautiful in a whole week after she died, if you

know of this and know of the white

figure last night that brought the child to the churchyard, and yet of your own senses that you did not believe, how then can I expect Arthur, who knew none of those things, to believe? He doubted me when I took him from her kiss when she was dying."
ALICE ALEXANDER

Sebastian read one last passage about Lucy.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"There lay Lucy seemingly just as we had seen her that night before her funeral. She was, if possible, more radiantly beautiful than ever and I could not believe that she was dead."

WOMAN'S VOICE

"Dead."

DR. FREUDENBERGER

(Others read along.)

"Her lips were redder than before, and on the cheeks was a delicate bloom."

(Sound of rain.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

Sometimes I wondered if Sebastian thought Suzanne was going to die. Had he told us the truth about her breathlessness? I continued writing my brother letters even though he was missing.

"Dear David,

In the rain we take the 30 bus down Old Brompton Road past South Kensington Station, rake another bus at Hyde Park Corner to American Express in hope of a letter from you. We went to Windsor Castle again. Paintings of the sad figure of Victoria seem to comfort Suzanne."

(Dog barking. Footsteps.)

The next night, in the garden, Sebastian seemed to have somewhat changed his appearance. That night his white hair was gone. He limped from one end of the garden to the other, not as the young man he was, but as an old man with a severe aliment. As he limped I felt he knew we were watching although he never looked up.

(Piano, Chopin.)

The ambassador says tomorrow there may be word of David.

(Music. DRAMATIC CIRCLE *voices.)*

The next reading I still did not mention to Sebastian the figure in the garden, but I did tell him of Suzanne's sleepwalking and her words from her historical letters. He had me recite to him all that I could remember.

"I move against a tragic background but it's clear I not only have a rendezvous with you but one with destiny.

Wars have always colored my existence. I was born during the Seven Years' War, and was imprisoned during the French Revolution. Now we are married, my whole life is overshadowed by war. Cannons sound."

Neither of us ever mentioned the garden but I was convinced the

figure was Sebastian even though I insisted to Suzanne that it was not ... New patients joined out dramatic circle, a man from Budapest, a Trinidadian painter.

(Music. DRAMATIC CIRCLE *voices.)*

The ambassador said we must keep our bags packed, and although he could give us no concrete word, he had learned of some events but could not yet share them. Soon. Suzanne could not stop talking about David's previous disappearance.

At our dramatic circle, we read Stoker as a group.

DRAMATIC CIRCLE

(Reading together.)

"All at once, the wolves began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about, reared and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see. But the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side."

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Suzanne, I would like you to recount the sequences of Lucy's life.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Lucy sleepwalks to the suicide seat on the last cliff.

(She reads breathlessly.)

DRAMATIC CIRCLE

Yes.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Dracula drinks her blood for the first time. She receives a blood transfusion. The wolf, Berserker, escapes from the zoo, breaks a window providing a passage to Lucy again. Lucy dies.

DRAMATIC CIRCLE

(After each sentence)

Yes.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

She is buried in a churchyard near Hampstead Heath.

(Sobbing)

(Rain.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

The passage made me cry too. We broke the circle then and said good night ... We continued going to the embassy each morning. The ambassador said we would be leaving London soon. We sailed to Greenwich on the Thames. One afternoon we saw a Bergman movie. Sebastian came again in the middle of the night. That time, just as he left through the gate he seemed to look up at our window ... I wrote David.

"On the Thames to Greenwich Suzanne recites one of your favorite Diop poems. She carries notebooks of your records of slave ships. Slave quarters, slaves crouching below the stern of the ship. My husband, she told a stranger ..."

(African music.)

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

My husband gives lectures on the slave ships that crossed the Atlantic.

ALICE ALEXANDER

We reach Greenwich and see the place where Elizabeth I was born. Suzanne recites Diop as we cross the park up to the observatory.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

"Way back then, with their civilizing edicts, with their holy water splashed on domesticated brows, the vultures in the shadows of their claws were setting up the bloody monument of the guardian era. Way back then laughter gasped its last."

(Telephone rings.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

Finally the ambassador said there was word. We went to Grosvenor Square.

AMBASSADOR

Mrs˙ Alexander. sit down please. May I get you some coffee?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

No. No, thank you. Have you heard from David?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Yes, what's the news?

AMBASSADOR

You'll see him tomorrow morning. I spoke to Alexander a few hours ago. He is fine.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Thank God.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Are you sure he's all right?

AMBASSADOR

Yes. Last week we knew a few details but I didn't want to talk to you until I was sure of your husband's, and yours brothers, freedom.

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

Freedom?

ALICE ALEXANDER

Freedom? He's been imprisoned?

AMBASSADOR

Yes. But please assure yourself, he is fine now. Let me explain. We have finally heard from our sources that there was a doctor in Algeria who had once tried to kill Fanon, a man named Sottan. And this same Sottan is behind a plot against your husband. We have also learned that this Sottan had you and your husband followed through the villages. There may have been a man who was your gardener at the cottage behind the Ambassador Hotel. And earlier there may have been a man with the ship's orchestra when you were on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

ALICE ALEXANDER

But is he all right?

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

How long was David detained?

ALICE ALEXANDER

How long was my brother in prison?

AMBASSADOR

I don't know. I'm afraid you should know that there has been a rumor that there may have been an attempt to poison him with a drug called filicin. There were rumors that he became violently ill after having an aperitif with a Swiss journalist and was hospitalized. It was at that time we made our connection. But I talked

to David this morning and he sounds fine. And he will arrive at Gatwick ?n the morning at 8:10. I want to assure you, he sounded fine. You will all leave Heathrow at 2:35 in the afternoon, Pan American, he asks that you be ready. And one final note: In the morning there will be an article in the *Herald Tribune* that Frantz Fanon has died in a hospital ?n Washington, D˙C˙ I'm terribly sorry.
SUZANNE ALEXANDER

No, no.

(Crying. Piano music.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

We hardly felt like going to the dramatic circle, but we went. We knew Sebastian would be disappointed. Instead of scenes, he had us read a litany of dramatic events. He seemed to have a purpose in doing this.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"Jonathan Harker, arriving at Klausenberg, stays the night, leaves by coach for Castle Dracula."

WOMAN'S VOICE

"Realizes he is a prisoner."

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"Watches Dracula crawl, face down, over the castle wall."

WOMAN'S VOICE

"Enters the forbidden room."

WOMAN'S VOICE

"Dracula makes Harker write three misleading letters to England."

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"Harker discovers his personal effects are gone. Dracula leaves the castle dressed in Harker's clothes and returns with a child for the three vampire women."

WOMAN'S VOICE

"The bereft mother is killed by wolves."

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"Harker climbs along the castle wall to the cellar, where he finds Dracula in a box."

ALICE ALEXANDER

Then he read the last section.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

"When I looked again, the driver was climbing into the calèche and the wolves had disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way now in almost complete darkness."

ALICE ALEXANDER

He reached out and held Suzanne's hand, staring at her. We returned to our rooms for the last night at Old Brompton Road and finished packing. Even though the ambassador had said David sounded fine, of course

we were very fearful. Three weeks ago we had arrived in London happy and everything had changed. I forced Suzanne to go to sleep and then I went out into the garden and waited for Sebastian's arrival. He came a little before midnight. I ran toward him.

(Steps.)

Sebastian, why have you walked in the garden at night, limping, hair white, almost as an apparition?

DR. FREUDENBERGER

I wanted to appear as an apparition.

ALICE ALEXANDER

But why?

DR. FREUDENBERGER

To prepare Suzanne's mind for the darkness I knew she must face. The moment I met Suzanne I fell in love with her. As a matter of fact, I'd seen both of you before you came to my office, in a restaurant next to the South Kensington underground station. It was a Sunday. I was struck by Suzanne's fragile beauty. I followed you along the road. I had a premonition that David, like Jonathan Harker, was going through bad times and she, like Lucy, would become the victim of an unfair, tragic plot. I'd hoped that my dramatic circle would help her and you on this difficult journey.

ALICE ALEXANDER

So, David will be changed.

DR. FREUDENBERGER

Yes. But he will recover.

ALICE ALEXANDER

Sebastian kissed me and disappeared before I could even thank him. We never saw our friend again. As the ambassador had told us, in the *Herald Tribune* was the article on Fanon's death ... We arrived at Gatwick early and waited in the hall behind a glass partition for visitors from Africa. Suzanne had worn David's favorite dress, white silk with, a kinte cloth sash. I hardly recognized David, he had changed so. He limped like an old man and his black hair had turned white. Suzanne ran toward him.

(Sounds of terminal.)

SUZANNE ALEXANDER

David!

ALICE ALEXANDER

It was hard to tell at first if he even recognized her. Finally he smiled, they kissed and embraced.

DAVID ALEXANDER

I wanted to see Frantz before he died to tell him of things I had discovered. We'll have to continue to live by

his words. "But the war goes on and we will have to bind up for years to come the many, sometimes ineffaceable, wounds that the colonialists have inflicted on our people."

(Voices in terminal.)

ALICE ALEXANDER

We helped David through the terminal. In months to come he would recover. The book on Fanon would be powerful, but for now he was lost in Blida.

(Voices increase. African music.)

END